The Myrtle

"INSTEAD OF THE BRIER SHALL COME UP THE MYRTLE TREE." ISA. LV. 13

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The Year's Harvet.

SPRING had buds and tender leaves,
Blue violets and sweet May-flowers;
Dear little birds sat 'neath the eaves,
And sang through forest bowers.

The little brooklets found their way
Through the meadows once again:
Their joyous song now seemed to say,
We have broken the icy chain.

Summer clothed the forest trees
With mantles rich and bright;
Oh! what pleasure nature yields—
It fills the heart with pure delight.

The pencil dipped in heavenly dew,
Gently touches the opening flowers;
That pencil so divine and true,
Is painting this brief life of ours.

Autumn brings a harvest sweet,
Of golden fruit from bending trees;
Summer's promise now complete,
A large fulfillment yields.

But is this all that we have gained?
All the wealth the year has brought?
Have our hearts with sin been stained?
Or have we the Saviour sought?

When our hearts the record show,
May it be of noble words or deed:
Oh! let us not forget to sow
The pure, the goodly seed.

We may wipe the falling tear—
Gather up the withered leaves,
Then the harvest of the year
Will bring us golden sheaves.

A SABBATH well spent,
Brings a week of content,
And health for the toils of the morrow;
But the Sabbath profaned,
Whatsoe'er may be gained,
Is a certain forerunner of sorrow.

For the Myrtle.

The Sweet Strawberries.

ONCE upon a time, there lived in a far country a little peasant girl called Berthalde. Never in her life had she been out of the valley in which her home was, except sometimes when she went with her father to help him tend the flocks of sheep, which, in the summer days, used to feed upon the sweet grass growing along the sides of the mountains which overlooked the valley.

But Berthalde was never lonesome in her quiet home, and she had never wished to leave it. She had Gretchen, her little sister, whom she loved very dearly, and the mountains were her friends, and she loved them much, also.

In the springtime countless brooks ran down their greening slopes, laughing low to themselves the while, and in their tall pine trees the birds loved to build their homes; in the early summer, the wild strawberries grew sweet and red at the foot of these mountains, while higher up many bright-colored flowers blossomed among the rocky ledges over which climbed the grape vine, laying clusters of its fruit on the old gray rocks to ripen in the autumn sunshine.

Thus the mountain gave Berthalde many pleasures of which she could never become weary, and she learned to watch and listen for all the pleas-

*See illstration on page 220.

ant sights and sounds that made so much happiness in her simple life.

It happened one winter that little Gretchen fell sick. Day after day she lay on her little bed, her long yellow hair falling over her pillow, her blue eyes bright, and her cheeks red with fever, and she kept saying, "Dear sister, Berthalde, give me some sweet strawberries." But the strawberries had gone long ago, and since then the sheep had all been driven down the mountain, for the snow had fallen thick and fast, and the valley and mountains were white with it, and for many weeks Berthalde had not been outside of the cottage door. Still she kept thinking that somewhere there must be strawberries for little Gretchen, and at night, when the stars came out in the clear blue sky, and the moon looked through the tiny window into her room and smiled, she would wonder as she lay gazing at the snowy peaks of the mountains, what was far beyond them, if the country were like the little valley, if it were covered with the snow, and she thought of all the wonderful stories she had heard of these mountains, how they were kept by the fairies who often gave good gifts to mortal children.

Thinking and wondering thus, one night she fell asleep and dreamed, that just beyond the cliffs of snow it was summer in the beautiful land, that the brooks were flowing brightly along through wide and sunny meadows, and she thought she could see down in the deep, green grass ripe strawberries, and it seemed to her that she gathered some of them, and gave them to little Gretchen who ate them, and they made her well.

When Berthalde woke, the sun was just coming in the east, and looking out of her window, she could see the blue wreaths of smoke from the distant cottages go curling up to the sky, but she thought of none of these things, she only thought of little Gretchen and the beautiful land she had seen in her dreams, and she determined to go there and gather some strawberries, and bring them home to her little sister.

Kneeling down, she asked the little Christchild to help her on her way, and to bring her safe home again, then she took her little straw basket and went softly out of the cottage.

By and by she had left the cottage far in the distance, and as the sun rose higher in the sky, it seemed as if she no longer knew the little valley, it looked so different from what it did in the summer days. She could find no path, for the snow had hidden it from her, and the tall pine trees cast black shadows around her, and she began to be afraid and to doubt whether it was best for her to try to find the beautiful land of which she had dreamed. Twice she turned back, but each time she seemed to hear little Gretchen say, "Dear sister Berthalde, give me some sweet strawberries," so she drew her little jacket closer around her and went on her way.

At last, when she was almost too weary to stand, when she had almost reached the mountains, she sat down under the pine trees to rest. Soon she saw an old man come out of the cavern and sit down beside her. He smiled at Berthalde and said, "Where are you going, little Berthalde?" She knew by the voice, it was the Wind who spoke to her and was very glad, for she had heard many wonderful stories about him, that he was very wise and powerful, and she knew that he had a harp in every tree, and many times she had listened to the wonderful music which he made, and she felt that he would help her, so she said, "I'm going to the beautiful country where the strawberries are growing, to gather some for little Gretchen, but alas! I do not know the way."

"Rest a while, little Berthalde, and then I will show you the way," said the Wind. Berthalde was very glad to rest, so she sat still by his side, and he told her many pleasant stories about the fairies, of their beautiful country, and how in the midsummer nights he played on his lute for them to dance, then when she said she must hasten on her way, he took her by the hand and led her on until they came to a gate in the mountain, which Berthalde had never seen. He opened the gate, and stepping inside, Berthalde saw a beautiful country where there was no snow, and she could hear the little birds singing in the trees. She knew it was the land she had dreamed of, and she clapped her hands for joy.

Then the Wind said, "Good by, little Berthalde, I know you are a good child so I whispered to you in your sleep of this beautiful land where you might find sweet strawberries for little Gretchen. Good by, Berthalde, good by."

Then he shut the gate, and Berthalde was alone in this strange country, but she went joyfully on her way until she came to a high hill.

There were many little Briers and Vines creeping up this hill, and when they saw Berthalde they called, "Take us up with you, Berthalde, take us up with you," and they clung to her dress and to her cloak and would not let her go on.

Sweet little Vines, please let me go," said Berthalde, "for I must gather some strawberries for little Gretchen and take them home to her before the sun goes away."

When she spoke so kindly to them they thought they would rather be a year creeping up to the top of the hill, than hinder Berthalde on her way, so they let her go on, with many kind wishes. But soon she came to some high Bushes, who, when they saw her, clasped their hands closer together and would not let her pass. They said, "Why do you come over our hill, Berthalde?"

"Dear Bushes," she said, "please let me go on, for I must gather some strawberries for little Gretchen and take them home to her before the sun goes away." Then they unclasped their hands and let Berthalde pass through.

By and by she came to a River, who said, "Where are you going, little Berthalde?"

And she said, "I am going to gather some strawberries for little Gretchen, and I must take them to her before the sun goes away."

"Follow me, little Berthalde, and I will show you where they grow." So Berthalde followed the River, and soon she came to a spot where the berries grew thick and ripe, and as they laid their red cheeks on the cool green leaves it seemed to her that she had never seen any thing so beautiful, and she could only stand very still and look at them, but she thought of little Gretchen, and began joyfully to gather the berries. Soon she had her basket full, and was thinking which way she should go, when she saw before her a little person dressed in a red cloak and hood, who said, "Wait a moment, Berthalde, I have something for you," and she took from under her cloak, a pair of tiny red shoes and put them into Berthalde's hand, saying, "Wear these little shoes, Berthalde, and they will carry you swiftly home, and you will get there before the sun goes away. I have brought them to you because you were kind to my Briers and Vines and did not get angry with my Bushes when they hindered you on your way, and now I will bid you good by, and wish you very good speed," and before Berthalde could thank her, she was gone.

Then Berthalde put on the pretty shoes, and she thought, that they must have wings, for her feet seemed hardly to touch the ground, and soon she had passed out of the strange sunny country, where the strawberries were growing and had come in sight of her own snowy mountains and little valley. By and by she had reached the cottage door, just as the sun went down behind the mountains.

As she stepped inside the door, the little red shoes fell off. And when the little red shoes fell off she opened her eyes and found herself still sitting under the pine trees where she had met the Wind. She stooped down to pick up the shoes, but they were not there, she looked around, but only saw two robin redbreasts flying just over her head, and they lighted upon an old tree close by and sang just a little song, then flew far away beyond the mountains.

But Berthalde was thinking too much of little Gretchen just then to think about the pretty shoes. She looked in her basket for the sweet strawberries, and lo, the basket was empty. Then Berthalde knew she had only dreamed about the Wind, and the beautiful country beyond the mountains.

Then Berthalde went back home sorrowfully, thinking little Gretchen would die. But their mother met her at the door and said, "What do you think? Gretchen is better and calls for you. Where have you been?"

"I have been in a beautiful dream mother," was all Berthalde said as she went straight in where little Gretchen was lying.

When Gretchen saw her she said in a weak but joyful voice, "Oh, Berthalde, you *did* bring me sweet strawberries! I ate them in my dream! and now I shall get well."

Then Berthalde knew it was the Christchild who had done this, and she fell on her knees and thanked him.

From that day little Gretchen grew better, and soon she was strong and well. And during the long winter evenings, as they sat before the blazing fire in their humble home, they were never tired of talking about the many wonderful things which Berthalde had seen in her dream journey; and when little Gretchen asked, "And what became of the pretty red shoes, dear sister?" Berthalde would say, "Ah, little Gretchen, they turned into two robin redbreasts and flew far away to the beautiful country beyond the mountains, and we shall never see them again."

When the summer days came, they looked for the cavern in the mountain where the Wind lived, but they could never find it, although they heard his sweet music the same as ever, and getting wearied with the searching, they would sit down in the shade of the old pine tree and while the Wind played on the harp among its branches,

Berthalde would tell little Gretchen many stories. But of all the stories, the one little Gretchen loved best to hear was the story of the sweet strawberries. *M. C. Schouler.*

Shan't and Won't.

SHAN'T and Won't were two little brothers,
Angry and sullen and gruff;
Try and Will were dear little sisters,
One scarcely can love them enough.

Shan't and Won't looked down on their noses,
Their faces were dismal to see;
Try and Will were brighter than roses
In June, and as blithe as the bee.

Shan't and Won't were backward and stupid,
Little indeed did they know;
Try and Will learn something new daily,
And seldom are heedless or slow.

Shan't and Won't loved nothing, no, nothing,
So much as to have their own way;
Try and Will give up to their elders,
And try to please others at play.

Shan't and Won't came to terrible trouble,
Their story is too sad to tell;
Try and Will are now at the infant school,
Trying to read and spell.

The Bottle of Oil

Once upon a time, there lived an old gentleman in a large house. He had servants, and everything he wanted; yet he was not happy; and, when things did not go as he wished, he was cross. At last his servants left him. Quite out of temper, he went to a neighbor with the story of his distresses.

"It seems to me," said the neighbor, "it would be well for you to oil yourself a little."

"To oil myself?"

"Yes. I will explain. Some time ago, one of the doors in my house creaked. Nobody, therefore, liked to go in or out by it. One day I oiled its hinges; and it has been constantly used by everybody since."

"Then you think I am like the creaking door?" cried the old gentleman. "How do you want me to oil myself?"

"That's an easy matter," said the neighbor. "Go home and engage a servant; and, when he does right, praise him. If, on the contrary, he does something amiss, do not be cross; soften your voice and words with the oil of love."

The old gentleman went home; and no harsh unkind word was heard in his house afterwards.

Every family should have a bottle of this precious oil; for every family is liable to a creaking hinge in the shape of a fretful and peevish spirit, or an angry temper, or a sullen, sulky disposition, or a stubborn, perverse will. Sometimes these are found in the young, the children of the family. Let this oil be always at hand, and it will be found of great service in promoting the comfort and peace of the whole household.

SMOKED TO DEATH.—A youth of sixteen fell dead with a cigar in his mouth. What caused his death? The coroner's inquest said, "It was a mysterious act of God." The minister at the funeral consoled the friends by saying much the same thing. Physicians said it was "heart disease," and said nothing about the cause of his disease. A sensible woman, knowing the boy's habits, said "Tobacco killed him." It deranged the action of the heart; it ceased to beat, and the victim fell. The woman was right.

Lizzie's Saturday.

IT is Saturday afternoon. Lizzie had been looking forward to this day, and planning how it should be spent, all the week. In the morning she would clean up her room nicely as her mother required her to do every Saturday, and then she could have the whole afternoon to read "An Old-Fashioned Girl." All her school-mates had read it and thought it "so good." She had been nearly wild to read it for a long time, but had never had the book until her twelfth birthday, when she received it as a present from her mother. Her birthday was on Monday, so she had to delay five days before she could begin that opening chapter. Lizzie was attending school, and her lessons must be learned or she would lose her place at the head of her classes which she had kept the whole term.

But time passed even for an impatient little school-girl, and it is Saturday afternoon; that anxiously awaiting and long coming day is come, and more than half gone. Lizzie is coiled up in the corner of a sofa in the sitting-room reading her book. But what is the matter? She is very much interested in Polly, her trials and pleasures; nevertheless she is not enjoying her book half so much as she thought she should. She fidgets uneasily, wondering why it is; but only for a moment. She reads on: "Polly is at home now, doing her duties amusing her brother Willie." Lizzie thinks what a good girl Polly is, and her eyes again leave the page. She has a brother Willie. What about him? Has she always been so kind to him as Polly was to her brother? She fears not. Only that morning Willie had come to her and said, pleadingly:

"Please, sister Lizzie, won't you read to me awhile out of your new book? I cannot understand it so well when I read it myself."

And she had said impatiently, "Oh, Willie, I can't bear to read those books of Du Chaillu's; they just tell about snakes and animals and such ugly things; and besides, I don't want to be bothered."

"Well," said Willie, "read to me out of that book; maybe I should like that."

And she had answered, "Go away and amuse yourself; I do not wish to read aloud."

Lizzie remembered her mother had said to her not long before: "Always do as you would be done by, my daughter." Certainly she had failed that time. But self whispered, "Willie need not have disturbed me when I was reading; it was not kind; and he knows I do not like those books." Then said the good angel who is always with us trying to lead us to do right, "Why did you not read to him the book you are reading, as he wished?" Lizzie sighed, and thought, "There is no use in trying to excuse myself, it was just selfishness that kept me from reading to Willie, and now my day is spoiled; there is no use, I cannot enjoy my book now."

Her mother, who was sewing by the window, noticed her troubled face, and asked;

"Don't you like your book, Lizzie?"

"Yes, mother, but all the week I was thinking I should have such a nice time reading, and now I do not enjoy it at all."

"There must be something wrong, then," answered her mother; "you say you like your book, and you have done nothing since early morning but read."

"I know, mother, and that's just it. A while ago Willie wished me to read to him, and I was real cross, and told him to go away. I didn't wan't to read aloud. Now I think if I had been more obliging I should not have felt unhappy as I did when I read how kind Polly was to her brother."

"Undoubtedly that is true, my daughter. Selfish actions always bring their reward—unhappiness—to the doer. But we must look a little further back than this morning; you say all the week you have been looking forward to this day, thinking to have such a pleasant time reading. In that you were wrong; your plans were all for yourself alone. You did not think whether any one else would need your care or attention; you sought your own pleasure, and if you did not find it you need not be surprised, for true pleasure is found only when we are seeking to make others happy or comfortable."

"But, mother, am I never to have any time for myself, to do as I please?"

"You should always please to do right. You, as all others, must have some time for recitation and amusement, but in your amusement you should try if you could not enlist some one else, and in all your occupations aim to be of some use to others, directly or indirectly. You will probably not understand clearly what I mean, but as you grow older you will see my meaning more and more fully. To-day, if you had read awhile to Willie, when he wished you, worked an hour at that crochet I wished you to finish, and had done various other little things that would have come to you, you would still have time to read a while, and all would have felt better for your day. Don't you think so?"

"Yes ma'am," said Lizzie, thoughtfully. And she resolved thereafter to think less of herself and more of others; and Willie very seldom asked anything of sister Lizzie that was not done.

Children's Advocate.

The Sisters; or, Forest Flowers.

TWO sisters roamed through field and glade
The fairest sweetest flowers to find;
Then rested in the leafy shade,
While each a garland twined.

Their blooming faces matched the flowers,
With childish gladness gay;
While ringing through the forest bowers
Was heard their cheerful lay.

Oh, happy sisters, as you grow,
And childhood's beauty flies,
May heavenly grace those charms bestow
Whose brightness never dies.

On those gay lips let kindness dwell,
Your words and ways be true.
Sweet pity in your bosoms swells,
And grace your hearts renew.

Fairer than flowers of Summer morn,
Shall those their fragrance shed;
And with fresh beauty still adorn,
The lowest maiden's head.

'Tis God alone, who made the flowers
Around our paths to spring,
Can plant in sinful hearts like ours
A single lovely thing.

But He who gave each precious seed;
Delights his grace to show;
Sends sun and rain the germs to feed,
And makes the blossoms grow.

Oh may we be His lilies fair,
Still yielding love's perfume;
Rejoicing in our Father's care,
Till round His throne we bloom.

There may we all at last be found,
A bright and happy throng;
With flowers of heavenly beauty crowned,
And everlasting song,

NOTHING brings more pain than too much pleasure; nothing more bondage than too much liberty.

The New Hampshire Sunday School Convention.

Three hundred miles away from our desk, with a week's work to do in a day, we should find it hard work to know what to do for the MYRTLE, if we were not so lucky as to have brought the *Universalist* for this week in our pocket. In it we find the editor's account of the Sunday School Convention of Claremont N. H. And finding it very lively and pleasant as well as instructive reading, we are going to take the editor's leave for granted, and give a part of it — all space will allow to our readers. Leaving out his pleasant description of the journey we will begin when the meeting begins.

"President Langley of Nashua called the people to order. Prayer was offered by Rev. L F. McKinney. A hymn was sung. The records were read and approved. The president announced that the subject first in order was 'Sunday School Discipline.'

Rev. G. L. Demarest introduced the discussion — for such it proved. First of all, decorum is absolutely essential. Without this, a school might as well disband. It is the prime condition of efficiency in everything pertaining to the school. But the severity must not be harsh — must be the expression of love; yet its 'No' must have no 'Yes' in it Himself had really been the most popular when he was most exacting. But how can you get decorum? Insist upon it. Be determined to have it, and it will in due time surely come. He would appeal to the self-respect of a scholar; even his love of praise; but mainly to his sense of right.

Mr. Kidder, of Manchester, endorsed all that had been said, but would add: Insisting on decorum, he would not insist in the same way as in a military company, or a secular school. We must be careful not to assume a too close analogy between the secular school and the Sunday school. The child belongs in a certain sense to the State, and it has an end peculiarly i s own, and to further this, it makes provisions for education. In this he had so much faith, that he would compel education. But the Sunday school has a different end — one more personal to the individual. Here, therefore, he would 'coerce' only as he could make the law of love effective to that end.

The Hon. W. T. Parker, of Claremont, raised the question: Why not put in operation the same divine law in the secular school? why not make this, by means of love, so attractive that coercion will be made practically needless — being supplanted by a higher influence?

Rev. L. F. McKinney, in allusion to the remark, that parents should 'coerce' their children to the Sunday School, asked: And why do not children coerce their parents?

Mr. C. O. Ballou, of Ware, argued that we have no right to discharge a bad scholar. Rev. Mr. Demarest said that if a scholar is contaminating and we cannot reform him, it would be better to cast him out than have him spoil twenty. But it is an open question: Need there be a scholar really incorrigible?

'Teachers' Preparation' was the next subject, and Mr. C. O. Ballou made the opening address. Theachers, he said, must begin with themselves. Children must be sent to school with the idea of their being taught. Firmness is necessary, but firmness tempered with love. The teach r's thoughts and prayers must be with the scholars during the week, and he or she must have faith in God, the child and self. Industry, and a study of the Bible, including its history and geography, are needful.

The president called upon Rev. Geo. H. Emerson to speak; who, coming forward, said that Bro. Ballou had indeed described the ideal teacher, but like the Rev. Dr. Vincent's superintendent, 'the article is scarce.' We cannot get such teachers — we must take the best that offer. But the ideal teacher must nevertheless be sought. To fully describe him he would add to Mr. Ballou's enumeration, yet another particular: he should know much And a great teacher would teach much by seeming to teach little, as he would rule best by not seeming to rule.

Rev. J. U. Mitchell, of Scotland, was called upon, but excused himself for not attempting to speak at length, as he wanted to make the 'most of his time,' in seeking the work, and in hearing from others. He was followed by Rev. G. W. Perry. — who answered at length the question, How to get good teachers,—by Revs. Messrs. Gates, of Springfield, Vt., Mr. McKinney, of South New Market, and the Hon. W. T. Parker.

In the evening Rev. Mr. Perry gave the history of the 'One Lesson;' and made much of the point that it was an answer to a popular want. It did not have its origin in some one's quiet thinking. It was the outgrowth of efforts after something better than the old methods.

Rev. E. L. Hayford was called upon to speak to that question, 'Why One Lesson is Better than Many.' He elaborated these two points: The One Lesson gives unity; the mere fact that all the scholars are engaged upon the same subject, is a bond of sympathy and of co-operation. Again, the varied results of different minds are aggregated. Here are twelve teachers — each gets a point that none of the others might have discovered; yet each gets from the others all that may be brought to light; so that each in a sense is multiplied by eleven.

Before the meeting closed, the Rev. J. U. Mitchell gave a brie address in a clear rhetoric and impressive accent which charac terize even his most impromptu utterances. He was in full sympathy with the much he had heard, to the effect that the children should be taught the essentials of the faith. In his own churches, in Scotland, where much and even anxious attention has been given to the matter, he had no doubt that little children would correctly and promptly answer questions touching the nature of hell and heaven. In Scotland, the people look at the Scriptures through 'red spectacles'— they see the lake of fire in every passage. Much of the infidelity there is occasioned by what is popularly thought to be in the Bible, but which is not there.

Thursday morning, after a Conference, the Convention came to its regular work at 9 1-2, continuing to the hour of noon. The question for consideration, How to teach the Bible to children. Rev. Mr. Mitchell opened the subject. Prof. J. H. Chapin followed. Question and answer with speeches followed, in which Bros. Demarest, Emerson, Parker, Kidder, McKinney, Gately, and Mrs. Chase of Ware, participated. It was a good close to a good Convention.

The vote of a year ago, requesting the denominational papers to give a column to the Sunday School Lesson, was renewed. On motion of Rev. Mr. Conger, the following 'Greeting to Scotland,' was heartily voted:—

Resolved, That this Convention has listened with much pleasure to the remarks of Rev. J. U. Mitchell, of Scotland, and heartily appreciate the importance of his labors in the isolated position which he holds, and we give to him our hearty sympathy and warmest prayer.

Resolved, That we send greeting to his people in Scotland, with assurance of our earnest sympathy, and our wish to co-operate with them in all practical ways in the dissemination of the truths of the Gospel."

Lives of the Apostles.

LESSON XXXIV.—PAUL.

Question. — When Paul and Barnabas returned from their first missionary journey to Antioch, whom did they find there?

Answer. — Acts xv.

NOTE. These Jewish believers believed that men of every nation coming to Christ, should observe the ceremonial rites established by Moses; and they told the believers at Antioch that they could not be saved unless they kept the law of Moses. Paul and Barnabas taught, and the church at Antioch believed, that Christ did not come for Jews only, nor to make all men Jews. They believed that Christ was the Saviour of all nations, and that men were to be saved by faith in him, and not by observing Jewish ceremonies.

Q. — What took place between these men and Paul?

A. — Acts xv. 2.

Q. — What was finally agreed in respect to this question of observing Jewish ceremonials?

A. — Acts xv. 2.

Q. — What did Paul and Barnabas do as they traveled towards Jerusalem through Phenice and Samaria?

A. — Acts xv. 3.

Q. — Who spoke first when the apostles and elders came together to consider the question?

A. — Acts xv. 7.

Q. — What did Peter say that God had made choice to be done through him?

A. — Acts xv. 7.

Q. — Between whom did he say God had put no difference?

A. — Acts xv. 9.

Q. — What did he urge the council not to do?

A. — Acts xv. 10.

Q. — Who addressed the council after Peter?

A. — Acts xv. 12.

Q. — What did Paul and Barnabas relate?

A. — Acts xv. 12.

Q. — Who addressed the council after Paul and Barnabas?

A. — Acts xv. 13.

Q. — What did he prove from the scriptures, that all the Gentiles should do?

A. — Acts xv. 17.

Q. — What advice did he give the council respecting the question before it?

A. — Acts xv. 19.

Q. — Who was sent to Antioch from Jerusalem, when Paul and Barnabas returned?

A. — Acts xv. 22.

Q. — When the church at Antioch came together, what did Judas and Silas do?

A. — Acts xv. 30.

Q. — Was the church pleased with the letter from the council?

A. — Acts xv. 31.

Q. — Did both Judas and Silas return to Jerusalem?

A. — Acts xv. 33, 34.

Q. — What did Paul and Barnabas continue to do?

A. — Acts xv. 35.

Hidden Seed

Enigma.

The initials of the several answers give the name of the mother of Salome and the finals a book in the Old Testament.

A dwelling place of Abraham.
Mother of Timothy.
A dwelling place of Isaac.
A kind of tree found in some parts of Asia.
An emperor of Rome.
The leader of David's body guard.
A castle and fortress in Jerusalem.
The wife of Abraham.

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